1654



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT CHOIR

JOHN TUTTLE, CONDUCTOR

WALTER HALL

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1980

8 PM

PROGRAM

Psalm 67 Charles Ives

The Sixty-seventh Psalm by Charles Ives (1874-1954) is a relatively early work, written in 1898, a short while after he completed his music studies at Yale. Here, the chorus is divided into two tonally independent but rhythmically related groups resulting in a murky dissonance which defies analysis. This is not to say, however, that Ives' music is not intelligible to the modern listener. Color and texture are the key-words of this composition and their careful manipulation work in its favor to create an effect which is at once dignified as it was novel at the time of its composition. Occasionally, Ives was given to devising curiously coherent analogies for his polytonal experiments: "Having four men playing tennis together does not always destroy personality."

In spite of our contemporary appreciation of Ives' earliest works, Horatio Parker, the composer's music professor at Yale, received them with predictable bewilderment. Indeed, throughout his life, public apathy and downright hostility towards his music would result in Ives' works being largely inaccessible to the public until the 1930s when, for the first time, Columbia Records recorded the Sixty-seventh Psalm, conducted by Lehman Engel.

From the Steeples and the Mountains Charles Ives

Andrea Duncan, Steve Peckham, Ken Erskine, Jeff Mason, bells;
Daniel Warren, Robert Venables, trumpets;
Susan Dustan, Michael Newnham, trombones.

The programmatic significance of Ives' From the Steeples and the Mountains cannot be denied, nor can it be glossed-over by the composer's often vague philosophical remarks on the essential meaning of his music. Written for trumpet, trombone, and four sets of bells, the music abounds with descriptive imagery. According to Mrs. Ives, her son was particularly fascinated by a sudden outburst of activity one evening in Ridgebury, which faces Pine Mountain. "There were no fire alarms in those days. The only alarm was the combined clamouring of three churches' bells and the telephone bells. So pretty soon after a fire had broken

out, the air was alive with the sound of ringing bells."

Psalm 90 Charles Ives

Andrea Duncan, Steve Peckham, Ken Erskine, Jeff Mason, bells;
Juergen Petrenko, Organ

The Sixty-seventh Psalm was shortly followed by the austere Psalm 90 written sometime between 1898 and 1901. This time, however, he draws on the sonorous resources of an organ and bells for the choir's accompaniment. Apparently this Psalm was among Ives' own list of favorite compositions, possibly in some measure due to his sincere affection for the Presbyterian Church. Ives' manuscript copy of the Psalm 90 includes a brief remark about the fate of the separate score and parts which had been previously in the care of 'Professor Hall', the librarian at the Central Presbyterian Church in New York. They had been thrown out as no one had any use for them.

An Apostrophe to the Heavenly Hosts Healey Willan

This year marks the centennial of Healey Willan's birth, a fact that is not likely to go unnoticed in view of the composer's long career as a professor at the University of Toronto. Written in 1921 while employed as organist and choirmaster at Saint Paul's Church in Toronto, An Apostrophe to the Heavenly Hosts has since enjoyed numerous successes , culminating in its inclusion in the Saint Cecilia Festival of 1952, an event attended by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Certainly today, there are few Anglican churches in North America whose repertoire does not include at least one composition of Healey Willan.

INTERMISSION

Where is Love? Lionel Bart
arranged and conducted by James Wells

Unlike Ives, who wrote only the occasional piece of show music during his early fraternity days, Lionel Bart (1930-) founded an entire career on writing for the musical theater. His immense popularity was confirmed in 1960 with the success of Oliver, the

musical show from which this evening's selection is taken. In fact, Bart has been the only popular composer of the century to have three of his musicals playing simultaneously to packed houses in London's West End. Today Lionel Bart distributes his time equally between composition, directing and writing lyrics.

Seven Unaccompanied Part Songs — Gerald Finzi

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956) began his work of the setting of these seven poems by Robert Bridges one year after resigning his position at the Royal Academy of Music in 1933. Steeped in the literary and musical tradition of nineteenth-century England, the gentleman-composer admitted no contemporary European influence into his art. His harmonic language was that of Hubert Parry, and Finzi seems to have been more than comfortable composing in this restricted idiom. In answer to his friend's query "what can one do with someone who persists in writing like that in this day and age", we may respond that music which projects such heart-felt beauty and sincerity of utterance need not be the property of a single era.

Two Motets from Opus 38 — Charles Villiers Stanford

These two motets by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924) which, along with a third, omitted for this evening's performance, form the complete set of his opus 38. Composed sometime during the 1890s for Trinity College at Cambridge, these motets exemplify the composer's preoccupation with traditional forms and devices. Already from the title we are able to catch a glimpse of the kind of activity which his long career as a pedagogue and scholar at the Royal Academy of Music in London only reaffirmed. It is perhaps for this reason that George Bernard Shaw often made sport of Mr. Stanford's compositions by saying such things as: "only occasionally does Stanford's imagination get the better of his scholarly trivialities." Yet, in whatever spirit we receive Shaw's remarks today, the fact remains that the Opus 38 Motets adequately represent Stanford's dramatic style in the realm of English church music.

Notes by Carolann Moisse

CONCERT CHOIR PERSONNEL - 1980

Soprano

Kim Barber
Elinor Bartle
Megan Brown
June Crowley
Kathy Domoney
Laurel Hodgson
Judith Johnson
Leslie Jost
Kathy Loree
Cathy Terry

Alto

Cheryl Carruthers
Margaret Chivers
Wendy Hedderwick
Sylvia Kerr
Carmen Leger
Robyn Sheppard
Sung Ha Shin
Heather Suttie
Melissa Vanderdool
Monica Zerbe

Tenor

Danny Eastwood
Brian Gow
Ken Hazlett
David Jafelice
David Jellicoe
Lenard Whiting

Bass

Tim Carpenter
Allen Derr
Douglas Friesen
Andrew Grant
Lawrence LeBarge
Ralph McIntosh
Michael Mulrooney
William O'Meara
Apack Song
James Wells

LAST YEAR THE FACULTY OF MUSIC ASKED ITS MANY FRIENDS FOR SUPPORT OF ITS ACTIVITIES. THE RESPONSE TO THIS PLEA WAS GRATIFYING AND THE FACULTY THANKS YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS. OF THE MANY CHALLENGES STILL FACING US, THE MOST TROUBLESOME IS THE NEED TO PROVIDE FINANCIAL AID TO THOSE STUDENTS WHOSE RESOURCES ARE LIMITED. IF YOU WISH TO HELP, WE WOULD BE PLEASED TO DEPOSIT YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO OUR SCHOLARSHIP AND BURSARY FUND. PLEASE MAKE CHEQUES PAYABLE TO:

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FACULTY OF MUSIC

A RECEIPT SUITABLE FOR TAX PURPOSES WILL BE PROVIDED.

Gustav Ciamaga, Dean

MUSIC BY CHARLES IVES

Psalm 67

God be merciful unto us, and bless us;
And cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God;
Let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, And
govern the nations upon the earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God;
Let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase;
And God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

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Psalm 90

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place,
From one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever
thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, "Return, ye children of men."

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday
when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep;
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger,
By thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
We spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are three score years and ten;
And if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet
is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off,
and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O Satisfy us early with thy mercy;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad *according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,*
And the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:
and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea the work of our hands, establish thou it. Amen.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE HEAVENLY HOSTS by Healey Willan

Invoking the thrice threefold company of the Heavenly Hosts, sing we:

Fire unquenchable encircling the resplendent and life-giving Trinity,
Ye six-winged Seraphim, and ye, the may-eyed Cherubim
who soar aloft and are borne on pinions,
Hymning in answering ranks the Thrice Holy,
And ye, the Thrones, that unite with them in the first Hierarchy of Heaven,
Praise, O praise the King of Glory, and transform our praises into
the likeness of your heavenly song. Amen.

Ye who perform the one Eternal Will,
Ye orders of Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Conform our wills to His, the Strong, the Holy, the Unchanging Lord. Amen.

Ye ministering Angels, messengers of grace,
Virtues, who govern men,
And myriad hosts of Archangels and Angels, succour and defend us.
Hail, Michael, Prince of Heaven, and Vanquisher of Hell,
Hail, Gabriel, Bringer of the Evengel, Sword of GOD,
And Raphael, Spirit of Healing,
Hail, Ariel, Strength of GOD, and Uriel, His Light,
And Hail, ye countless hosts,
Praise with us the One Holy, the One Holy Strong, the One Holy Immortal. Amen.

Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain--Alleluya!
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya! Amen.

WHERE IS LOVE? Words and music by Lionel Bart. Arranged by James Wells '80

Where is love?
Does it fall from skes above?
Is it underneath the willow tree
That I've been dreaming of?

Where is he?
Who I close my eyes to see?
Will I ever know the sweet hello
That's meant for only me?

Who can say where he may hide?
Must I travel far and wide?
'Till I am beside that someone who
I can mean something to?

Every night I kneel and pray,
Let tomorrow be the day
When I see the face of someone who
I can mean something to.
Where is love?

SEVEN POEMS OF ROBERT BRIDGES set by GERALD FINZI

I.

I praise the tender flower,
That on a mournful day
Bloomed in my garden bower
And made the winter gay.
Its loveliness contented
My heart tormented.

I praise the gentle maid
Whose happy voice and smile
To confidence betrayed
My doleful heart awhile:
And gave my spirit deploring
Fresh wings for soaring.

The maid for very fear
Of love I durst not tell:
The rose could never hear,
Though I bespake her well:
So in my song I bind them
For all to find them.

II.

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight,-
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:-
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:-
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense

III.

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only My joy!

My heart an echo caught-
O my joy
And spake,
Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

My eyes can peer around,
O my joy
What beauty hast thou found?
Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist;
O my joy
Music from heaven is't,
Sent for our joy!

She also came and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?

And I replied,
O see,
O my joy,
'Tis thee,
I cried, 'tis thee:
Thou art my joy.

IV.

Clear and gentle stream!
Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song
And the idle dream
Of my boyish day;
While I once again
Down thy margin stray,
In the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent,
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream!

Where my old seat was
Here again I sit,
Where the long boughs knit
Over stream and grass
A translucent eaves:
Where back eddies play
Shipwreck with the leaves,
And the proud swans stray,
Sailing one by one
Out of stream and sun,
And the fish lie cool
In their chosen pool.

Many an afternoon
Of the summer day
Dreaming here I lay;
And I know how soon,
Idly at its hour,
First the deep bell hums
From the minster tower,
And then evening comes,
Creeping up the glade,
With her lengthening shade,
And the tardy boon,
Of her brightening moon.

Clear and gentle stream!
Ere again I go
Where thou dost not flow,
Well does it beseem
Thee to hear again
Once my youthful song,
That familiar strain
Silent now so long:
Be as I content
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream.

V.

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud, in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

VI.

Haste on, my joys! your treasure lies
In swift, unceasing flight.
O haste: for while your beauty flies
I seize your full delight.

Lo! I have seen the scented flower,
Whose tender stems I cull,
For her brief date and meted hour
Appear more beautiful.

O youth, O strength, O most divine
For that so short ye prove;
Were but your rare gifts longer mine,
Ye scarce would win my love.

Nay, life itself the heart would spurn,
Did once the days restore
The day, that once enjoyed return,
Return - ah! - nevermore.

VII.

Wherefore tonight so full of care,
My soul, revolving hopeless strife
Pointing at hindrance, and the bare
Painful escapes of fitful life?

Shaping the doom that may befall
By precedent of terror past:
By love dishonoured, and the call
Of friendship slighted at the last?

By treasured names, the little store
That memory out of wreck could save
Of loving hearts, that gone before
Call their old comrade to the grave?

O soul, be patient: thou shalt find
A little matter mend all this;
Some strain of music to thy mind,
Some praise for skill not spent amiss.

Again shall pleasure overflow
Thy cup with sweetness, thou shalt know
Nothing but sweetness, and ... yet
Half sad for sweetness run to waste.

O happy life! I hear thee sing,
O rare delight of mortal stuff!
I praise my days for all they bring,
Yet are they only not enough.

TWO MOTETS from Opus 38 by Charles Villers Stanford

BEATI QUORUM VIA

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

COELOS ASCENDIT HODIE

Today Jesus Christ, the King of glory, has ascended into the heavens,
He sits at the Father's right hand, ruling heaven and earth,
Now are David's songs fulfilled, now is the Lord with his Lord,
He sits upon the royal throne of God, in this his greatest triumph,
Let us bless the Lord: let the Holy Trinity be praised,
let us give thanks to the Lord, Alleluia! Amen.